

THE
REVENOOR



CHRISTMAS 1950

The REVENOOR

Official Publication of the Calgary Income Tax Staff Association

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Our Magazine Staff!



BACK ROW: John R. McCormick (Proof Reader), Ken Switzer (Sports Column), Don E. Phelps (Production), Andy Marcin (Circulation), Walter King (Crossword Puzzle Expert), Harold L. Coggan (Proof Reader), Norman W. Bunnin (Reporter), Les. Drysdale (Reporter).

MIDDLE ROW: Greg. B. Fulton (Reporter and Dr. Feetlebaum Features), Ed. Tanner (Production), Bob Nickerson (Reporter), H. Maurice Duffie (Home Suite Home), Dan Sharp (Columnist), Bill Speerstra (Poet), Vic. Donahue (Reporter).

FRONT ROW: Rena McCraw (Reporter), Elsie M. Ryan (Reporter), Connie Scott (Reporter), Lionel Beach (Editor), Sylvia MacPherson (What's Cooking), Grace Adie (Reporter), Barbara Mansfield (Artist), June Mansfield (Home Gardener).

Greetings . . .

DEAR FELLOW MEMBERS:

We trust that your patience is now adequately rewarded by the appearance today of the long-awaited Annual.

We trust, too, that those members who expressed keen interest in the outcome of the recent photographing project will now experience a sense of relief as they gaze in awe and wonder at the magnificent results achieved by photographer, engraver and printer.

In response to a request to "order now" a majority of members not only ordered their copies of this issue but cheerfully paid for them at the increased price, in advance. Such a display of confidence was a source of much gratification to your Revenooer staff.

The copy which you now hold in your hands has been made possible only through your continued interest, co-operation and support. It is with a feeling of much pleasure, therefore, that we invite you to share to the full in the enjoyment which you deserve and which, we are confident, the following pages will provide.

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS and A BRIGHT AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR to each and every one of you is the sincere wish of

Yours Truly,
"THE REVENOOER"

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THE SEASON'S GREETINGS ARE EXTENDED TO THE EDITORS, STAFFS AND READERS OF THE FOLLOWING AFFILIATED PUBLICATIONS:

BITSA NEWS—Belleville	REVENUE REVIEWS —
OIL TOWN ORACLE —	Regina
Edmonton	NEWS AND VIEWS —
INCOME OUTLOOK —	Saint John
Halifax	HUB CITY NEWS—Sas-
JOTTINGS—Head Office	katoon
TAXY GAB—London	ASSOCIATION NEWS —
REVENUES—Montreal	Toronto
ODITS—Ottawa District	INTAVIEWS—Hamilton
PEG—Winnipeg	I T S NEWS—Vancouver

from THE REVENOOER—Calgary.

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Greetings From Our National President!

The REVENOOER is, I believe, the oldest magazine in the Taxation Division; certainly it is one of the best. It has been published continuously for six and a half years and I am happy to have this opportunity to congratulate you, Mr. Editor, and your predecessors, on its constantly increasing literary merit and upon the fact that you are scoring another "first" for Calgary with this remarkable Annual. (Thank you, Mr. President, for those kind words.—Editor)

You have asked me for a message. I know of nothing more appropriate at this season of the year than to remind all readers that Peace on Earth comes to Men of Goodwill. May the Happiness and Joy of the Festive Season extend throughout the New Year for each of you.

Sincerely,

JIM WRIGHT, President,

DOMINION INCOME TAX STAFF ASSOCIATION.

Our Staff Association

By D. R. J. SHARP

To record the complete history of the Calgary Income Tax Staff Association would require more space than this Annual could provide. Almost every member of the staff and many who are no longer on the staff, have contributed in some way to the many activities and accomplishments of the Association.

The first executive for the Association was elected at a meeting held on June 17th, 1944. C. A. Richards, now of Howard, Munn and Richards, Chartered Accountants, was elected president. The other officers were: vice-president, S. S. Nelson; secretary, A. L. Hardy; treasurer, Gwen Parker; executive council, Marion Johnson, Resa Leslie, Helen Booth, R. C. Marriott, W. J. Speerstra and C. H. Larbalestier. It was under their leadership that affiliation with the Dominion Income Tax Staff Association was brought about. Staff Associations, with a total membership of some 8,000, are now active in all but one of the Income Tax offices. The Dominion Income Tax Staff Association is affiliated, in turn, with the Federated Civil Servants of Canada, which has a combined membership of about 55,000. It is understandable that representations from such a group are given careful consideration by Government officials, especially in such matters as negotiations for salary adjustments and proposals put forward for the betterment of the public service.

Within a few months after the election of the first local executive, committees had been established to deal with membership, entertainment and grievances. (Members of the staff who were here at the time will recall that the principal grievances concerned overtime, establishment, promotions and permanencies. Overtime is no longer much of a problem!)

On February 3rd, 1945, the following members were elected to office: J. Wright, president; A. Paterson, vice-president; Margaret Clark, secretary; Marg. McPhedran (now on the Vancouver staff), treasurer; Gert Maloney, Kay Tempest, Lloyd Hall and H. E. Boulay (now on the Edmonton staff), executive council.

By this time, "The Revenooer," which was the first Income Tax staff magazine in Canada, had been publishing for several months as a purely independent office paper. As the aims and policy of the paper were in complete accord with those of the Association—and as the paper needed some financial backing—it was arranged that from thenceforth the "Revenooer" would be the official publication of the staff association. And that is how I, as editor, became a member of the executive of the Association.

The first enquiries were begun at about this time into the question of obtaining an Insurance Plan with Medical and Hospital coverage. The early work done in this connection and the subsequent study and planning of the local and national bodies contributed largely to the institution of the new Group Hospital-Medical Plan for Federal Public Servants—a most commendable accomplishment. It was about this time, too, that the Association organized its first office picnic, a whist party and an inter-office Bowling contest with Vancouver. Calgary, of course, won the Bowling contest!

PRESENT MEMBERS OF THE MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE AND EXECUTIVE COUNCIL OF OUR STAFF ASSOCIATION



BACK ROW: J. W. Halton, J. R. McCormick, F. J. Wrightson, O. E. Wilson, W. J. Speerstra, E. G. Tanner, J. B. Toft, D. Porter.

MIDDLE ROW: K. M. Schroeder, G. Williams, C. Kerr, D. O. James, E. M. Ryan, G. E. Adie, L. Allnutt, M. E. Curtis.

FRONT ROW: H. P. Perkins, G. L. Robertson (vice-president), E. Camden (secretary), J. R. Clark (president), J. Wright (national president), M. P. Rollick (treasurer), S. S. Nelson (past president), L. F. C. Beach (editor).

In 1945 the first National Convention of the Association was held, our office being represented by Jim Wright.

In January, 1946, a new Association executive was elected: A. Paterson, president; S. S. Nelson, vice-president; O. L. Foster, secretary; Nancy Fowler, treasurer; D. R. J. Sharp, editor; W. I. Barton, Marg. McTeer, R. G. Nickerson, W. R. Shea and W. J. Speerstra, executive council. Once more the executive carried on and enlarged upon the activities begun by earlier executives. Their further accomplishments included the preparation of a brief to Head Office on reclassifications and promotions,—which, as became evident later, was well received—the formation of a Choral Society, the holding of a Golf Tournament and the first Annual Bowling Banquet.

In 1947 the following members were elected to the executive: O. E. Wilson, president; O. L. Foster, vice-president; T. B. Donald, secretary; Virginia MacFarlane, treasurer; H. M. Duffie, editor; Jean McPherson, W. J. Speerstra, A. V. Johnston and J. McKinlay-Key, executive council.

It would be difficult to read the old minutes without realizing the intense interest in, and the efforts put forward on behalf of, the staff. Apart from the larger projects, many small actions were taken, which, viewed separately might not mean much, but in the aggregate, contributed inestimably in making this office a better one in which to work. As was intimated, space does not permit of too much detail, but here are two typical resolutions: “that paper towels and soap dispensers be installed in the washrooms”—newer members may not realize that these were “luxuries” not always enjoyed by the staff—and “that \$7.50 be given to the Cashiers to help them out on their shortage at the end of the fiscal year rush and that the Inspector be notified by letter of the action of the Association; also, that it was the feeling of the executive that a person with the responsibility of Cashier should be graded not less than Grade 2.”

The members of the 1948 executive were: W. J. Speerstra, president; F. L. Dickson, vice-president; Mrs. R. K. Hurlburt, secretary; H. L. Coggan, treasurer; Joy Phillips, editor. The new president had been active dur-

ing the previous year, having organized a series of lectures on taxation subjects. These included talks on Succession Duties by W. Nobbs, Estates by W. R. Shea, Non-resident Tax by J. W. Quinney and Farm Assessing by A. Morrice. The lectures were informative and well attended. It was activities such as these which made it evident that the Staff Association was very much interested in the improvement of the office and not solely concerned with what might be termed "selfish motives."

The slate of executive officers for 1949 were: S. S. Nelson, president; J. R. Clark, vice-president; Rose Paul, secretary; A. D. MacKenzie, treasurer, and O. E. Wilson, editor.

Throughout all the terms of office of the various executives, work was carried on from year to year, which, when completed, could not be credited to any particular member or members, but could only be regarded as the result of steady, patient plodding. The Staff Association worked actively with the Administration upon such undertakings as a Lunch Room and improved rest room facilities. Pay increases, lighting and other office facilities, fire prevention, various sports events and many other activities have had the constant attention of the Association. On many occasions Staff Association representa-

tives have sought, and been granted, interviews with ranking officials visiting the District from Ottawa. There can be no doubt but that the representations and points of view expressed on behalf of the staff upon these occasions have immeasurably benefitted the staff as a whole.

Mention simply cannot be made of the many who helped on committees or worked behind the scenes to do jobs which usually pass without notice. As an example, the auditors for the Association at various times have been: P. Fabris, L. W. Shulman, W. R. B. Stuart, T. W. Cheney, G. L. Robertson, V. L. Donahue and D. E. Phelps.

We are also fortunate in having our office represented on the National executive by Jim Wright, last year as First Vice-President and this year as President. Jim was behind the very worthy organization of the Winnipeg Flood Relief Fund.

If any important activities or accomplishments of the Staff Association have been omitted or if any persons have not been given the recognition they deserve, those omissions are regretted. On the other hand, if this brief treatment has managed to recapitulate some of the important work done by the Association since its inception, it will have served its main purpose.

MUSINGS AT THE HEAD TABLE!





Greetings From Our Co-Directors!

As this will be my last Christmas with you I wish to take this opportunity of thanking you all most sincerely for the wonderful co-operation I have received from you since I have occupied my present position. Though it may not always have been apparent, I hope you will realize that I have endeavored at all times to advance the interests of all members of the staff.

During the past year or so conditions in the Division have not looked too rosy, but don't forget the old song which says "Look for the silver lining." The arrival of the "silver lining," I sincerely trust, will not be delayed too long.

My successor could not have found a better all-round staff anywhere in the Taxation Division, and I am happy to be able to assure you that my association with Mr. Ellis has convinced me that he will be an excellent Director.

I wish you all a VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS and MANY, MANY HAPPY NEW YEARS!

D. C. CRAIG

The Christmas Season, which will be upon us very shortly, again gives all the traditional opportunity of setting aside for a few days the more mundane things in our lives and of expressing our sentiments of goodwill toward our fellow man.

I would, therefore, like to add my voice to the chorus of season's greetings which will be heard throughout our office and extend to all members of the staff my sincerest wishes that they enjoy a VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS indeed, and that the coming year will hold for them much prosperity and peace of mind.

ARTHUR O. ELLIS

Presenting Our Staff . . .



Assistant Director:
A. PATERSON

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This page and the pages which follow have been embellished with groups of people to whose appearances (and reappearances) you are subjected daily. A sincere effort was made to procure complete photographic coverage of the staff in groups arranged alphabetically according to members' surnames. Due to circumstances beyond our control, however, some members of the staff were unable to be present at the proper times. Consequently, they will appear to be out of order, photographically speaking, of course. Several members of the staff found it absolutely impossible to be present during the photographing process, so we were unable to include them at all in these photographs.*

P.S. Those persons who appear to be wearing halos are members of the T-2 Unit.



BACK: Alexander J. Martin, Thomas J. L. Wilkinson, Harold Freeman, Duncan W. Bedford, James W. Findlay, Norman W. Bunnin, Donald V. Fallwell, H. Maurice Duffie, Arthur L. Hardy.

FRONT: Dorothy E. Thompson, Kathleen M. Tempest, Alberta M. McGuire, Ruth I. Biggar, Phillip J. Hughes, Janet Mitchell, Ethel Wetmore.



BACK ROW: Robert D. Alexander, Ross V. Bertrand, Percy E. Bailey, W. I. Barton, J. Benningen, F. J. Arnall, Leo J. T. Blanchfield, George H. Adolph, L. F. C. Beach.

MIDDLE ROW: Chas. M. Bleaken, Alida A. Boyce, Irene J. Anderson, Murdeana M. Bailey, Grace B. Adie, Lillian Allnutt, Helen Booth, Harry W. Armstrong.

FRONT ROW: Alma Bernard, Aileen M. Barnes, Margaret R. Benner, Mabel Bergerson, Vera E. Alston, Ruby Andreassen, Simonne Albert, Frances E. Adams, Edna F. Beatty.

HOME SUITE HOME

By H. M. DUFFIE

This being the Christmas issue our esteemed editor suggested it would be most appropriate for this column to confine itself to Christmas subjects. The man has an uncanny instinct for the timely topic. I suppose that is why he is an editor while the rest of us slave away over a hot typewriter that peculiarly enough turns out pretty cold stuff. However, since he is considerably bigger than I am, the helpful hints this month will pertain to Christmas alone which, incidentally, would be the most restful way to spend it.

Actually, the most sensible thing to do about the merry old Yuletide is forget it. Just let it go its merry old yule-way and pay no attention to it! Go to bed with a splitting headache about December 23rd and don't get up until December 27th. Mind you, I'm not advocating the abolition of Christmas any more than I would suggest we discontinue the habit of breathing, although either one would save a lot of trouble. Christmas is all very fine for those who can cope with it, but there are lots of things

I don't like about it. What's more, there are lots of other people who don't like lots of things about it too! Perhaps I don't like more things about it than they do (or don't—I mean), but after all, we are not running an aversion competition are we? I wouldn't want this to become known as "Duffie's Christmas Cavil." None of you have the gastronomic gumption to follow the headache advice anyway, so let's start over again.

The selection of gifts is perhaps the most frustrating waste of effort ever to confront civilization. Are you embarrassed year after year by receiving from someone the identical present you sent him? This happened to me regularly with Uncle Bob. Every Christmas he sent me the same necktie I gave him. I even went far afield to avoid it by purchasing ties by mail everywhere from the Fiji Islands to the wilds of Scotland, but without success. My crowning effort was to have one made of rhinoceros hide in South Africa, but good old Uncle Bob sent me one just like it. After that I gave up. Next year I bought

him a derby hat and its counterpart is hanging in my closet at this very moment. This situation arises between people whose tastes are similar. You choose the gift you would select for yourself and the other fellow sticks to the less expensive things too; both with the best intentions.

The only solution is to choose something you wouldn't want to be found dead in. That's what I did, finally, with Uncle Bob. I sent him a coffin. He was delighted with it and being handy with tools, he sawed it lengthwise and made two flower boxes of it. They are the only ones on the street with silver handles. He made the lid into an ironing board but his good wife would have none of it. She said it made her shudder; and while I don't pretend to understand these things, apparently you can't shudder and iron successfully and simultaneously, with the result she either made Uncle Bob's shirts look as if they were made out of an old accordion or didn't shudder to the full extent of her ability, I forget which. In any event, Uncle Bob sold the lid back to the undertaker, who, no doubt, put it to use for someone who neither shuddered nor suffered from claustrophobia.

This business of doing your Christmas shoplifting early is a snare and a delusion that biteth like a serpent and stingeth like whatever it is too. Be warned! Do your shopping at the very last minute, even if it does take a

few days for your wounds to heal after the onslaught. I'll never forget the time I had my shopping all done by September 10th and stood by, smug and sarcastic, while the rest of the family were doing a frantic job of broken field running through the department stores. For Cousin Elmer I had a pair of skis, and for his wife, a nice set of cocktail glasses; for Joe Skunch, who was dog crazy (amongst other forms), I had bought a Great Dane pup. By the time I took delivery it was slightly smaller than a Buick, but the kennel man assured me that when full grown it wouldn't be as long but might stand a little taller than the convertible model with the top down. For Granddad, I had chosen an album of his favorite recordings. These contained humorous monologues by a fellow called Uncle Josh who had great difficulty (a) operating a pay 'phone, (b) sleeping in an upper Pullman berth, (c) having his "pitcher took" and (d) engaging an hansom cab to see the sights of the city. To me this stuff was about as funny as a cry for help, but I knew Granddad would listen by the hour. Lastly, there was Aunt Chrissy—a violent afternoon tea-er, and I rather splurged there, paying \$27.50 for a silver teapot that I wouldn't want to be found dead in. Well, on the stroke of Christmas Eve the smugness and sarcasm disappeared. I was informed that the misguided firm that tolerates Cousin



BACK: Benjamin Campbell, Ronald M. Buick, Harold L. Coggan, Walter T. Campbell, Alexander Cormack, John R. Clark, Thomas W. Cheney, L. Denby Coggan, Kenneth G. Carter.

MIDDLE: J. Humphrey H. Cooper, Philip R. Cromarty, Elizabeth Coatsworth, Ruth Carnat, Betty D. Brigden, Isobel L. Campbell, Barbara G. Carlson, Colin T. Cantrell, J. Horace Brodie.

FRONT: Elsie Camden, Ruth L. Craig, Ann B. H. Cole, Shirley M. Crockett, Irma M. Bullard, Gladys M. Cummins, Lucy L. Burroughs, Velma M. Craighead, Dorothy Byrnes.



BACK: George Benbow, E. K. Durant, William G. French, Gregory B. Fulton, Oswald L. Foster, Peter Fabris, Denis Z. Cyr, Ernest L. Drysdale.
MIDDLE: Thomas B. Donald, Agnes F. Dixon, Dorothy J. Currie, Minnie M. Ferguson, Florence B. Dahl, Joan A. David, Roger C. Freeman.
FRONT: Muriel E. Curtis, Agnes V. Ferguson, Jessie Edwards, Shirley C. Farren, Minnie Fishman, Margaret S. Foster, Dorothy J. Fox, Margaret J. Davis.

Elmer had decided to transfer him to Cuba. His worthy spouse had adopted some fantastic health fad that forbade any liquids but milk. Good old Joe Skunch had moved into an apartment where pets were strictly prohibited. On the heels of these thunderbolts—if they have heels—Aunt Chrissy came gushing in the door waving a teapot exactly like the one I had bought for her, except for the price. Being no mean contender, she had borne it away in triumph from the Battle of the Bargain Basement for \$3.98 “by the most amazing good luck!”—the silly old fathead—and I could have cut her throat where she stood if they hadn’t held me down. So, the skis, and the cocktail glasses, and the Great Dane monstrosity, and the teapot were dead issues. There was no time to exchange them for other gifts. Oh, I forgot about Granddad! He decided to lose his hearing just at that particular time, so the recordings were out too. Don’t ask me what I did about it! I’m not up to such crises!

I think Granddad finally got the skis, and Elmer the dog, which he couldn’t ship to Cuba anyway. Aunt Chrissy got the cocktail glasses, and she is a teetotaller. Joe Skunch got the teapot, and he is a tea-totaller. Even-

tually I smuggled the humorous records down to a church bazaar and rummage sale. I didn’t feel too guilty about it because it wasn’t our church. By some strange coincidence, however, a neighbor inveigled my wife to attend this charitable function where she purchased an ironing board made from a coffin lid, a rhinoceros hide necktie and a set of recorded humorous anecdotes by one Uncle Josh, the latter two items being presented to me on Fathers’ Day “because I’m sure you had a tie similar to that at one time and you like these comical records anyway, though what you see in them I really don’t know.” You see? You just can’t win!

Despite all the above, however, we do, most sincerely, wish all the staff a **VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS** and the **HAPPIEST** of **NEW YEARS!**

♦ ♦ ♦

“Tom,” said his mother, “just run across the street and find out how old Mrs. Jones is.”

“Yes, Mam,” said Tom.

He rushed back in a few minutes and said, “Mrs. Jones says it’s none of your business how old she is.”

Yuletide Music

By GEORGE BENBOW, L.R.S.M.

The warmth and joy, good fellowship and thanksgiving, so much a part of the Christmas Season, finds much expression through the singing of familiar songs, hymns and colorful carols, inherited from all ages and from many lands. Singing at Christmas has for generations spread freely from country to country and from clime to clime. Some of the carols and noels, hymns of praise and worship, merry songs and melodies, have been in existence a thousand years or more, while others are of comparatively recent origin. Unisonal singing is customary with music characteristically folk, while trained choirs present part voicing.

Adeste Fideles—"O Come, All Ye Faithful"—was originally written in Latin in the 13th century by Bishop Bonaventuro of Albano. It is now sung in at least seventy-six different languages.

The well known tune of "Joy to the World" was composed by Handel, composer of the great oratorio "The Messiah." The words were written in 1710 by Isaac Watts.

Public performance of Christmas Carols was forbid-

den by the Puritans in 17th century England. However, the carol "O Holy Night" somehow managed to survive. Adolph Adam, the composer, is remembered only for this beautiful carol although he wrote fifty operas as well.

The familiar and beautiful "Silent Night, Holy Night" was first heard in 1818 at Oberndorff, Austria. It had guitar accompaniment because some mice had nibbled at the bellows of the church organ and repairs could not be made in time for Christmas. The parish priest, Joseph Mohr, wrote the words and his friend, Franz Gruber, composed the music.

The most beloved carols are usually quite simple in word and melody. Luther's Cradle Hymn—"Away in a Manger"—and Mendelssohn's arrangement of "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing" are good examples of exquisite simplicity.

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Anatomy: "Something everyone has, but it looks better on a female."

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Upon being introduced as the toast of radio, the toast of movies and the toast of television, Dinah Shore replied: "I like the way you buttered that toast!"



BACK: James Halton, James Hunter, Murray G. Hawkes, Raymond Hall, Stanley Hilton, John R. Irvine, Gavin A. M. Goldie, John J. Graber, George E. Hamilton.

MIDDLE: Dorothy O. James, Rena K. Hurlburt, Marjorie A. Gow, Anne G. Hewitt, Marion B. Grier, Margaret M. Hutchison, Dorothy A. Humphrey, Mary Gray, Emma Hergert.

FRONT: Ethel B. Heighes, Carol F. Howard, Florence F. Holt, Helen Beverly Hurst, Olive G. Hamilton, Donald Helen Hoad, Marilyn S. Harley, Betty Hanna, Sarah Hogan.



BACK: Roy P. King, Alexander D. MacKenzie, Charles H. Larbalestier, Arnold V. Johnston, John D. Johnston, Lorne D. McDougall, Edward C. Logan, Robert E. A. Logan, Walter J. King, S. Roy Lawrence.
MIDDLE: Walter H. Johnston, Barbara E. A. Manarey, Gertrude M. Maloney, Marguerite Lefavre, Beatrice M. Lynch, Caroline Kerr, Ila A. Marks, Elizabeth Little, Horace D. Jones, Daniel LeVesconte.
FRONT: Marjorie I. Maclean, Gwyneth Jones, Agnes E. Jenkins, Dorothy M. Mainwood, Margaret I. Long, Joan A. MacDonald, Catherine J. Lavery, Dorothy H. Johnston, June Mansfield, Barbara Mansfield.

The President's Page

This issue of the REVENOOER being somewhat in the nature of an Annual or Year Book, President Jack Clark's plan of dealing in this column with matters of current interest, is being modified. Other means are being used to advise the staff of information available on many of the problems which have been annoying us for some months.

Looking back over the year, the most significant happening has been the "contraction" of our staff. This topic has been thoroughly discussed and it is not intended to mention it further except to say that we have all felt genuine regrets at seeing so many friends leave the office during the year. In most cases, however, we have been pleased to hear that other employment has been found without too great difficulty, and often with substantial increase in remuneration.

As for the future, there are signs that the period of uncertainty and anxiety is about at an end. Morale is somewhat improved (probably because no other change was possible), and it appears that we may look forward to the future with some confidence and cheerfulness.

The loss of President Jack Clark is keenly felt by the Staff Association, and some special reference must be made to his services on behalf of the staff. Without

doubt, the membership at large cannot know of all the many ways in which his able and sincere efforts were exercised on their behalf; yet it is evident from the high regard in which he is held that his services were not unappreciated. Sincere wishes for Jack's future welfare in another occupation are expressed by all his friends, not a few of whom are slightly envious of his good fortune.

The executive and management committee take this opportunity to wish each and every member of the staff the compliments of the season.

G. L. ROBERTSON,
Acting President.

♦ ♦ ♦

Men celebrate their birthdays by taking a day off.
Women celebrate theirs by taking a year off.

♦ ♦ ♦

Greetings to All "King's Konundrums" Fans!

I am sure that nobody wants to do crosswords at this time of the year. You are without a doubt too exuberantly happy and imbued with the spirit of the festive season to want to concern yourselves with such mundane matters. Nevertheless, I can still utilize this space to good advantage by wishing you all a VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS and a MOST PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR!

PROF. KING.

CHRISTMAS EVERYWHERE

By JUNE MANSFIELD

History indicates that it was only in the year 354 A.D. that the Roman Bishop Liberius designated December 25th as the Birthday of Christ. On this day was observed the Roman Feast of Saturn, when candles were used not only for purposes of illumination but also exchanged as gifts. The Jews, too, were accustomed to burn candles at that time, which happened to be their Feast of Dedication. Thus, it is not improbable that thousands of candles were burning throughout Palestine when Christ was born. Our present-day custom of burning candles on the Christmas tree is, therefore, of ancient origin and members of the Greek Church actually call Christmas "The Feast of Lights."

PALESTINE. Christmas Day in Bethlehem is not the Christmas Day we know; it is full of religious ceremonies, and when these are over young and old alike go back to their accustomed life.

ITALY. Christmas is a religious season, as it is in Palestine, except for December 24th, when family gifts are given out from an "Urn of Fate". On the Eve of

Epiphany—Old Christmas—the children hang up their stockings for "La Befana" to fill. If they have been naughty children their stockings will be filled with ashes—I don't think this happens very often. "La Befana" is a woman and is said to possess a stern nature and a rather forbidding appearance.

SERBIA. Here Christmas is a joyous time. Wheat is the sign of plenty and is thrown in handfuls at objects and on people to whom the Serb wishes prosperity. There is no exchange of gifts, but a special Christmas visitor or "polaznik" comes to the home, where the Badnyak—Yule Log—is burning, and places thereon a coin with good wishes for all the family.

HOLLAND. This is where our well-known Santa Claus originated—the Dutch believe Saint Nicholas came from Spain. St. Nicholas visits the earth on December fifth, and early on the morning of the sixth distributes his candies, toys and treasures, then vanishes for a year. He rides a white horse and has a little black boy with him to carry all the parcels. Christmas Day is devoted to



BACK: John R. McCormick, Richard C. Marriott, Donald McKinnon, Archibald J. McPhee, Stanley W. McCraw, George D. McDonell, Andrew W. Marcin, Lindsay G. McCarthy.

MIDDLE: Lawrence M. McGovern, Sylvia MacPherson, Marion D. Mitchell, Emma C. Mohr, Madeleine L. McEachern, Josephine McGrath, Maurine V. McGirr, Mary B. McCready, John McKinley-Key.

FRONT: R. Pearl A. McLeod, Helen M. Matthews, Jean McPherson, Reva McLean, Rena F. McCraw, Florence E. Marshall, Neretha L. Milz, Norma J. McKay, Elsie May McLeod.



BACK: Walter Nobbs, Donald Porter, Joseph W. Quinney, Lawrence H. Ontkes, James W. Peebles, Rudolph W. Peterson, Herbert E. Reynolds, Herbert P. Perkins, Donald A. E. Phelps, Raymond C. Parkyn, Leslie H. Price.
MIDDLE: Robert G. Nickerson, Stanley S. Nelson, M. Doris Parrott, Dorothy Plummer, L. O'Brien, Laura J. Oliver, Lorna L. Park, Kenneth F. Noton, Russell Purdy, V. L. Donahue.
FRONT: Martha J. Munro, Martha F. Nagel, Mildred E. Pinkerton, Millicent E. Ogston, Irene L. Musgreave, Florence M. Pipella, Patricia M. Rackham, Donna Deal, Sadie I. Ojo.

Church rites and pleasant family visiting by the Hollanders.

ENGLAND. Here the Christmas tree is decorated Christmas Eve—December 24th—and all the children hang their stockings on the mantle-piece near the chimney. Christmas Waits or Carollers call at each home and sing carols outside the window.

Father Christmas visits all homes and distributes his precious bundle of presents but is seldom seen by the children. On Christmas morning the family goes to a special service at Church.

In England the goose usually replaces the turkey and it is eaten with all the traditional trimmings after the people return to their homes from Church.

Boxing Day—December 26th—is the day on which gifts of money are put into boxes for all the servants, including the postman, milkman and all the other tradesmen.

SPAIN. In every part of Spain song and dance both form an important part of the festivities of Yuletide, which lasts for two weeks. The laboring class, however, observes but two days of pleasure. The Roman (Italian) influence is great in Spain and many of the Yuletide customs are similar to those observed in Italy.

SWITZERLAND. This little country, nestled in the heart of the Alps, is the home of our familiar Christmas tree.

Christkindli—the poetic successor of Jolly Old Santa

Claus, who in many parts of Switzerland, not so long ago, used to be hailed as the generous donor of all Yuletide gifts—rides a sleigh drawn by six reindeer and with the aid of his helpers, distributes trees and gifts.

NORWAY. The celebration of Yule was practised in the northern countries long before they accepted the Christian religion. This heathen celebration was a feast in honor of the sun, when, in January, it seemed to renew its strength and overcome the power of darkness.

No work is done during the two weeks of Yule. Sufficient wood is cut and enough brewing, baking and butchering is done so that everything will be ready by St. Thomas' Day—December 24th.

Norway introduced the "Yule Log" to the world—the burning of the log is said to keep away the evil spirits.

FRANCE. Among the French, Christmas is not the family feast that it is with us. The great fete day is New Year's Day, when all the members of a family meet and the presents and greeting are exchanged. This day is the feast day for grown-ups, but Christmas is kept especially for the children, who look for "Petit Noel"—the Christ-Child—instead of Santa Claus, to come down the chimney and fill their shoes with presents.

♦ ♦ ♦

Student: "You say that a pat on the back develops character, professor?"

Professor: "Yes, if it is administered young enough, often enough and low enough."

What's Cooking!!

By SYLVIA I. MacPHERSON

Christmas time is candy time, and what could be more appropriate than the old fashioned "Pop Corn Balls" and "Fondant" for variety.

POP CORN BALLS

1/2 cup sugar,
1 cup golden syrup,
1/2 teaspoon salt,
1 tablespoon butter and few candied cherries, if desired.

Cook the sugar, syrup, salt and butter until very brittle when tried in cold water. Sprinkle cherries through the pop corn, then pour the syrup over all and mould into balls after oiling the hands with butter. A little vanilla may be added to the syrup if desired.

COOKED FRENCH FONDANT

2 cups sugar,
2/3 cup water,
1/8 teaspoon cream of tartar.

Boil all ingredients together until a soft ball forms when a few drops are tried in cold water. Be sure to keep all crystals that may form on the side of the sauce pan washed down. Let cool to almost lukewarm, then work with a spatula until very creamy, after pouring it into a large bowl which has been dampened with cold water.

When too heavy to cream longer, work with the hands until a very creamy fondant results. Then cover with wax paper and let ripen for about twenty-four hours before using.

Coloring may be added while in the creamy stage. Fruit or nuts may be added while the fondant is still pliable. This candy can be worked into any shape desired—Santa Clauses, Christmas Trees, Bells, etc.

There are times (Can't think of any, off-hand!—Ed.) when nothing but a non-alcoholic drink will do, so for such occasions a couple of recipes for drinks, both tall and short, with nary a hint of liquor in them, follow:

CALGARY DRY PUNCH (16 persons)

1 cup of hot tea,
1 cup of fine granulated sugar,
3/4 cup orange juice,
1/3 cup lemon juice.

Pour into a punch bowl over a large block of hard-frozen crystal-clear ice. Just before serving add 2 bottles (12 oz.) Calgary Dry ginger ale and a few slices of orange. Nothing else!

HORSE'S NECK

Peel the rind of a lemon, spiral fashion, in one piece. Place one edge of the peel over the lip of a 10-oz. glass, allowing the remainder to curl inside the tumbler. Add cubes of crystal-clear ice. Fill with ginger ale.



BACK: Wilbert R. Shea, George C. Smith, Douglas Rooke, James E. Scotcher, Clarence O. Robinson, Herbert W. Skirten, Daniel R. J. Sharp, William J. Speerstra, Robert J. Smith, Gerald O. Saunders, George L. Robertson.

MIDDLE: Louis W. Shulman, David K. Shedden, Elsie M. Ryan, Muriel Sorby, Constance P. Scott, Elizabeth P. Robinson, Lenore B. Rogers, Anita G. Sherwood, Michael P. Rollick, Henry T. Sorensen.

FRONT: Barbara C. Shedden, Amy Simpson, Daphne M. Smith, Kay M. Schroeder, Jean H. Ross, G. Bernice Sargent, Jeannette C. Smith, Helen E. Stearne, Joan Scorgie.



BACK: Oliver E. Wilson, Edward L. Thompson, Everett Wiley, Robert L. Williams, Francis J. Wrightson, Edward G. Tanner, James Wright, Percy R. Thompson.
MIDDLE: Kenneth N. Wilson, John Burningham Toft, Kenneth G. Switzer, M. Wright, Rose N. Vincent, Victor B. Watson, William R. B. Stuart.
FRONT: Gwyneth Williams, Isabella Winton, Jean M. Stevenson, Dorothy Tarbuck, Mary Jean Wise, Olive D. Stromgren, Elizabeth M. Tregillus, Marjorie Way, Pearl Zang.

If you should happen to have a little rum around the place why not try:

A RUM COLLINS

Juice of 1 lemon,

1 teaspoon granulated sugar,

1½ ozs. rum.

Shake with plenty of cracked ice and pour, unstrained, into a 10 oz. collins glass. Fill with carbonated water, stir slightly and serve with straws.

Or, if the bottles around your home include one with a little rye whiskey in it how about:

A FANCY FREE COCKTAIL

1 dash Angostura aromatic bitters,

1 dash orange bitters,

1½ oz. rye whiskey,

2 dashes maraschino.

Frost rim of cocktail glass with lemon juice and fine granulated sugar. Shake well with ice and strain into the prepared glass.

There's nothing like a hot drink on a cold day. It warms you through and through and gladdens the heart. You should try this one if you need cheering up or if you are suffering from a cold (or any other excuse you can think up! "hic"—Ed.)

BRANDY TODDY

1 teaspoonful fine granulated sugar,

1½ oz. brandy,

Sufficient hot water.

Place sugar in old fashioned glass and dissolve with a little hot water. Add the brandy and fill the glass nearly full with piping hot water. Stir gently. Grate a little Nutmeg on top and serve. Don't forget to place a spoon in the glass before adding the hot water.

The Season's compliments to you all!

♦ ♦ ♦

A traveller's definition of *home*: "A place where a man can scratch anywhere he itches."

♦ ♦ ♦

Doctor: "I don't like the look of your husband, Mrs. Smith."

Mrs. Smith: "Neither do I, but he's good to the children."

♦ ♦ ♦

"How are my chances, doctor?" enquired an anxious patient.

"Oh, quite good," replied the doctor cheerfully, "however, I wouldn't start reading any continued stories if I were you."

SPORTS ROUND-UP -- YEAR OF '50

BY KEN SWITZER

The action-packed sports year, that we are only now closing out, may attribute its success to Don Porter, the Sports Representative of the Staff Association for the year, who directed his energy toward the organization of struggling athletic interests into competitive clubs.

Early in the spring the Calgary and District Ladies' Fastball League was formed, mainly through Don's efforts. Teams from Ashdowns, Independent Biscuit, Eaton's and Income Tax played in this loop. Later on, the Income Tax Tennis Club was formed, which was instrumental in bringing together all the proponents of this game on Wednesday evenings, throughout the summer, at the Foothills Tennis Club. Somewhat slower, but perhaps surer, the golfers merged to form the Office Golf Club. This club brought together all golfers, and would-be golfers, on Saturdays, under a special set of handicap rules, which enabled everyone to play on an equal basis. Tommy Donald presented this Club with the T. B. Donald Trophy, won this year by Emery Hamilton after a close 19th hole margin over Colin Cantrell in the final tournament of the season. Each of these new clubs operated on an enthusiastic basis throughout, all finishing their respective seasons with a healthy desire to continue when Ole Sol chases Jack Frost back to the North Pole next spring.

The Sunset Bowling League, again in operation for the winter months, is rolling along smoothly down at the Olympic Alleys every Wednesday evening. The trophies for annual competition—and for which all bowlers are now vying—were presented to their 1950 winners at the Annual Bowling Banquet last spring. In order that you can review the names of the top bowlers of the last

season, together with the trophies won, they are set forth below:

Winning Team—"Mansfields"—79

Players—Marion Grier

Faith Howard

Mike Rollick

Walter King

June Mansfield

Trophy donated by D. C. Craig.

Ladies' High Single—Grace Adie—339

Trophy donated by C. Larbalestier

Ladies' High Three—June Mansfield—813

Trophy donated by W. J. James

Ladies' High Average—Grace Adie—191

Trophy donated by H. C. Sparrow

Men's High Single—Ted Logan—346

Trophy donated by J. Wright

Men's High Average—Bill James—216

Trophy donated by A. Paterson

Bill James also brought bowling fame to himself by garnering 903 points for the best three games in the City tournament.

The Clipperettes stormed through the schedule of their fastball league winning seven games while losing only one. This showing made them top-heavy favorites to cop the MacKay-Robertson Trophy in the play-offs. However, a lack of reserve strength, caused by holidays intervening, proved the difference. Ashdown's won the cup in two games.

The Clippers won eleven and lost seven of their games throughout the schedule, to present a languid picture of competitive spirit. The play-offs were quite a different

SNAPS AT SUMMER-TIME SHINDIGS!



1. "Confidentially, it's a bargain!"



2. Pulchritude a-plenty at the picnic!



3. Family re-union!

story, for right from the opening pitch, the team was out to let the opposition know they were on fire. The Imperial Oil Intavas, rated the toughest opposition in "B" Division, faded after a tie game and two closely contested victories by the Clippers. Union Tractor Unecos divided two games, then fell before a 19 run onslaught by the Clippers in the third game. These wins gave the home team the "B" Division championship and the shield. The next team to play was the "C" Division title holders, the Alberta Wheat Pool Kernals. This team forced the best two out of three play-off to four games, with a tie and a win. The fourth game was a closely played battle all the way, with the Clippers gaining an 11 to 6 edge to win the right to go against the "A" Division champions, the Independent Biscuit nine. Clippers won the first game 5 to 2 against one pitcher. In the following two games the I. B. C. boys threw in their reserve pitching power and backed it up with faultless fielding to win the right to carry away the Commercial League Championship Trophy.

In a player-fan poll at the close of the season the following selections were made:

Ross Bertrand—"Most improved player;"

Gavin Goldie—"Most consistent player;" and

Ken Switzer—"Most valuable player."

Denny Cyr led the team in home runs, both in league play and during the play-offs. He also had the best batting average during the season. Gavin Goldie had the best batting average during the play-offs and crossed the plate for 23 runs out of 43 times at bat. Harry Freeman and Don Porter could well be classed as the best outfielders in the league.

Charlie Bleaken, team secretary, sponsored a "most valuable player" award. This trophy was presented to Ken Switzer at a team banquet after all the gloves had been hung up for the winter.

In past years the need had developed for a show case in the office in which to display the trophies symbolizing athletic prowess. Such a case was purchased in the early part of the year and now stands in an alcove on the third floor of the Traders Building, proudly displaying its gold and silver encrusted load.

A review of this year's happenings cannot help but convey a note of exuberance to the sports-inclined for the success of the many activities participated in during the seasonal era of each athletic field. We all look forward to 1951 and another year of real enjoyment.

Your columnist takes this opportunity to extend to each and every one of you his heartiest greetings and best wishes for your happiness during the coming festive season.

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JOYOUS SEASON

By W. J. SPEERSTRA

My daughter snuggled up to me,
And told me confidentially
Of all the things that Santa was to bring;
And glad to get a hint or two
Of what she wanted him to do,
I listened, so I wouldn't miss a thing.
She said she asked him for a doll,
A bike, a ring, and most of all,
A matching hat and coat and skirt and sweater—
Then, as she slid down off my knee
I heard her mention casually—
She had another list for *me* to get her!

The Frog Prince

"What a day! Two T. 16's, couldn't get a single assessment finished, and Craig saw me slipping out for coffee. And on top of that I've got the sniffles from sitting in that blessed draft. Better have a hot one just in case. What? You children want me to tell you another fairy story. Well, just a minute until I get the kettle on.

"Once upon a time, there was a beautiful Princess who lived in a big castle. One day she was playing in the garden with a golden ball. No, junior, a golden ball wouldn't bounce but that's what this Princess was playing with. Maybe she was just rolling it across the grass. Don't interrupt! Anyway she played with it for a while until once she threw it too far and it rolled into the well with a splash and sank down into the water.

("Water! Is the kettle boiling yet? Good. Now a slice of this lemon. Yes, children, you may have some lemonade. No, you wouldn't like any of this brown stuff in yours. It's nasty medicine.)

"So the Princess sat at the edge of the well and cried because she had lost her golden ball. Then along came a little frog and hopping up to the Princess he said, 'Don't cry, beautiful Princess, I could jump into the well and get the ball for you!', and the Princess said, 'Oh, please do!' 'Well', said the frog, 'I will, if you will do three things for me.' 'Anything!' said the Princess. 'I will get the ball for you,' said the frog, 'if you will agree as follows: Clause 1, let me be your playmate; Clause 2, let me eat and drink out of your dishes; and, Clause 3, let me sleep on your pillow.' 'It's a deal!' said the Princess.

("Junior, bring me that bottle. The tod . . . er . . . lemonade needs a little more medicine in it. Careful! Don't drop it! Great Scott, the stuff costs a fortune these days!")

"The frog jumped into the well and brought the Princess her golden ball. The Princess was so happy that she played with the frog for the rest of the day as per Clause 1, had supper with the frog out of her own dishes as per Clause 2, and, that night the frog went to sleep on the Princess' pillow, beside her beautiful blonde curls, as per Clause 3.

"When the Princess awoke in the morning, lo and behold! the frog had turned into a handsome prince. Imagine her surprise!

("Gracious! I hope I've got this story right! Junior, stop spilling lemonade on your sister! Spill a little more medicine into this glass. Here, let me do it. It's not that expensive!")

"The handsome Prince explained to the Princess that a wicked witch had cast a spell on him. He had been turned into a frog and the only way he could return to normal was to have a beautiful Princess do the three things proposed as per agreement of yesterday. He was so grateful to the Princess and so in love with her beauty and good nature that he asked her to marry him. She took him to her father, and, after the whole thing had been explained in some way, the King gave his consent. And so they were married and lived happily ever after. No, Junior, I don't know what the Queen said. It's time you were in bed.

("Whew! Damn, the water in the kettle is cold. Oh, well, it's not really the hot water that gets rid of the sniffles. Probably the lemon that does the trick.")

THE GIFT OF THE MAGI

(We should confess here that the job of selecting an appropriate short story for inclusion in this issue left us in a bit of a quandary. Our literary consultant, Percy R. Thompson, rose to the occasion, however, and chose for use one of the finest Christmas stories ever penned. It was written by O. Henry, America's famous short story writer. We hope that you will enjoy it as much as we did when we read it for the first time.—Editor.)

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty-two cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the house is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at \$8.00 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid \$30.00 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to \$20.00, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a grey cat walking a grey fence in a grey backyard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only \$1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only \$1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling—something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an \$8.00 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her

face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods of all Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie".

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practised hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain, simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation—as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value—the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends—a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a

truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do—oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?"

At 7 o'clock the coffee was made and the frying pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two—and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply started at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again—you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas!' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice—what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim, laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the hardest mental labor.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you—sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with a sudden, serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year—what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or

a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs—the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jeweled rims—just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried: "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

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Assessor At Work!

"Most of your income tax troubles arise from your failure to differentiate between cash and accrual accounting, Mrs. Screwball."

"Will you say that over again so that a poor southern Alberta farmer's wife can understand you?"

"No, I don't think I can. Besides, your income tax return should have been filed by April 30th. Why did you have to wait until the week before Christmas before bringing it in?"

"I've been somewhat a little behind before and nobody ever said something to me about it."

"Well, Madam, I'm saying something now. And these

so-called farm records of yours—it's amazing what a frightful mess they're in!"

"Pop says that you can't be expected to push a pen and a plow at the same time."

"But I'm afraid we shall have to try, Mrs. Screwball. Take this entry—eh—what you have scribbled on this old paper bag: 'Thursday—Eggs to Tim Nucklehead—Butter took?'"

"Yes! One Thursday way back, Mr. Nucklehead—that's the man what comes around with vegetables and all in his truck—shouts out, 'You got some eggs yet?' and I shouts back to him, 'Sure! Have you got any butter on?' and then—"

"Are you trying to say that you—er—traded some eggs for some—"

"I wish you would stop trying to put words in my mouth and listen some more. Anyway the butter I took from him and he took off me the eggs."

"That will do, Mrs. Screwball. Now, will you explain this—ah—entry you made on this scrap of old wrapping paper: 'Bessie—out the pen—\$317.' What does the entry mean? And who is Bessie?"

"Young man, Bessie is our pet pig. And one day she managed to squeeze the wire through, got out of her pen and—"

"Are you trying to say that you are claiming \$317 for the loss of your pet pig?"

"Why don't you wait till I'm done with. As I was going to say, Bessie went up the trail just as Pop around the corner of our barn rode his tractor upon—"

"Ah—what happened to Bessie?"

"Nothing at all. That was because Pop swung sharp but he must have come unfastened."

"Pop whop? — I mean, what did Bop do?"

"That's just what I'm coming to. He flew the seat completely off, the tractor getting away from him, which ran into our fence and through—"

"Let's get back to—"

"— the barn, the door of which came right off and—"

"O. K. Let's just get back for a moment to the reason why we filed to fail former's farm return before April—Just leave the records with us and we'll write you a letter."

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How's Your Technique?

By H. M. DUFFIE

For those interested in the wrapping of gifts we understand the editor has been requested to re-print our dissertation on that subject written in 1944 BC (Before Civil Service Commission) so here it is verbatim.

"You would like a few hints on wrapping Xmas presents we understand. It isn't easy but with a little perseverance and a lot of paper you can make an attractive gift parcel of anything from a needle to a haystack. We say attractive gift "parcel" please note, not an attractive "gift" because what anyone would do with a needle or a haystack we frankly don't know. They could lose one in the other and then hunt for it I suppose, but there are better parlor games. However, let's get on with the wrapping!"

"First of all, never put the gift in a box and then wrap the box. This looks all right in the shops but invariably the corners of the box poke through the tissue paper and

spoil the whole thing. If possible, have a gift that is considerably larger than any known sheet of paper and see to it that it is an odd shape. This gives more scope for your talent—anyone can wrap a door handle or a pair of skis."

"Let us suppose that your Aunt Minnie lives in an apartment block and raises nasturtiums in a window box. She is gardening crazy so why not get her some nice garden tool? How about a small wheelbarrow? Right! Now fasten several sheets of white tissue paper together with Christmas seals so you have one large sheet. Set the wheelbarrow in the centre of the paper. You can see that the wheel is going to be troublesome so remove the axle nut, drive out the axle with a hammer and drift punch and place axle, nut and wheel inside the barrow. Now replace any torn paper and put enough stickers on it this time. Next, pull the paper up and over from the back and hold it there while you put five or six stickers on your tongue ready for use."

"Now bring the opposite edge of the paper up over the front to meet at the top. You can see what's wrong now, eh?—the handle sticks out! O. K. Saw 'em off and put them inside with the wheel. Simple when you know how, isn't it? Next bring the two edges of the paper to meet again at the top and secure them with the stickers. Oh! Can't get them off your tongue, eh? Well, a 10% solution of alum in boiling water will dissolve the glue and you can proceed (using new stickers, of course). Now bring up the right hand edge of the paper and the left and secure them with stickers also. If the body of the wheelbarrow is tapered, as most of them are, a few sharp blows of the hammer will bend the sides in to a more regular shape. Now criss-cross the whole with gay colored ribbon and tie a large floral knot on top, using a glove stretcher to get your forefinger out of the knot and the job is half done. It only remains now to remove all the wrappings, look at the bottom of the wheelbarrow to see that the price tag is removed and proceed as before. If you have any bunny rabbits or footballs to wrap send for our free 20-page booklet enclosing \$2.98 to cover the cost of preparing a 20-page booklet on wrapping bunny rabbits and footballs."

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EDITORIAL NOTE!

May we draw the attention of staff members to a coming local event of unusual interest—a pageant being presented at the Grand Theatre on December 18th, 19th and 20th by the Bay Choir, called "The First Nowell." This presentation deals solely with the Nativity, which is re-enacted to the accompaniment of appropriate music with full stage appurtenances.

A Special Matinee performance is being held on Wednesday, December 20th, at 4:30 p.m.

These performances will be presented in addition to the special holiday films booked for the occasion. If you find it impossible to attend one of these performances you need not miss the event entirely. Just tune in to CFCN for the broadcast version at 9 p.m. each evening, December 18th to 20th.

Several members of our staff are assisting in this production.

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Before Newfoundland entered Confederation, Canada's youngest provinces were Alberta and Saskatchewan, which were admitted to Confederation in 1905.



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